

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1914.

NUMBER 26

## The Hurry Up Game.

BY FLORENCE F. L. PATTERSON.

TO waste time and dawdle is surely quite wrong,

And "lazybones" is a poor name;  
But I wonder if one does his best right along,  
Who plays in the Hurry Up Game.

It begins in the morning ere breakfast is done,  
And lasts through the whole of the day;  
We jostle and scramble and hustle and run,  
At meals and at work and at play.

But, when we look back as the night closes in  
And think of the day that is past,  
We see how much better that day might have  
been,  
If we hadn't done things quite so fast.

For we know very well it is good work that  
pays,  
That we gain in the end, it is true,  
Not by crowding a lot of things into our days,  
But by doing our best with a few.

## The Brothers of Courtesy.

BY HATTIE VOSE HALL.

WE really got the idea from the girls. It was this way. I pulled Winifred Cary's hair one day—not to hurt her, of course, but just to hear her fuss—way she always does. I don't see why girls wear their hair in a great long braid, anyway; why don't they wear it short as we do? Then there wouldn't be any temptation to pull it. Anyway, Winifred didn't scream that time: she just laughed and said, "If it wasn't for our new club, Rob Archer, I'd have something sharp ready to say to you!" Winifred's hair is red, like mine, and she has just my kind of a temper, too, so I asked her what her club was like, and she said that she couldn't tell, it was a secret, but she'd tell me the name,—they called themselves the "Little Sisters of Gentleness." I told Winifred that, if that meant that they couldn't answer back, and always had to be gentle, it must be a pretty hard club for her to belong to, and she said it was, but she meant to be a good member of it, and they were all going to help each other. And I told her I wouldn't pull her hair again this term, for I thought it was nice for girls to be gentle. So I was talking about it at dinner, and Papa said,

"It wouldn't hurt you boys to have a club something like that, it might help your manners."

"Why, you wouldn't want us to be Brothers of Gentleness, would you, Papa?" asked Gene. "When any one says a fellow is gentle, I always think he must be sick."

"How would Brothers of Courtesy do?" asked Mamma. "You know Sir Launcelot whom you admire so much, Rob, was very courteous, as well as brave."

"That's so," said Gene: "you know Sir Ector said to him, after he was dead, 'Thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield.'"

"I'd rather he would tell me that while I was living," said Hal.

"So would I," said Stevie. He always wants to be praised for every little thing he does.

Well, we decided we'd form the society of Brothers of Courtesy, and we'd try to help each other to be polite. I didn't think much of it at first. I thought Brothers of Courage, or Knights of Brave Deeds, or something like that, would be more fun; but Mamma told me that this was the best kind of a society for me to belong to. She knew I had plenty of courage, and she wouldn't have to stimulate that; but she wanted me to be a

true gentleman so that I not only wouldn't pull little girls' hair, but so that I wouldn't even think of doing it. I didn't know that was ungentlemanly before, I only did it for fun. Mamma says there are so many things that boys do thoughtlessly that they wouldn't do if they stopped to think.

We have just us five brothers in the society. I'm President, and Gene's Secretary and Treasurer, and Hal's Finder-out, and the Babe is Inside Guardian, and Stevie is Outside Guardian. We all have to give the password before we can get in. The Babe forgot the password the other day. I didn't much wonder at it (it was "Abracadabra": we got it out of "The Little Lame Prince"), and he howled till Mamma came to see what was the matter, for Stevie wouldn't let him in without it.

He's almost too little to belong, anyway; but it's cunning to see him lift his Tam off his curls when he meets a lady: he didn't before he was a Brother of Courtesy. But it isn't just manners. Mamma says real courtesy, such as Sir Launcelot had, is more than taking off your hat or giving a lady your seat in the cars. She says a boy who is truly



Photo by L. M. Thiers.

DASH, THE COON DOG.



courteous will never hurt the feelings of another, or speak unkindly, but will help the weak against the strong, and prefer others in honor. That's our motto, "In honor preferring one another," and that's the hardest thing of all for me to do. I do like to lead, I'm the oldest and the strongest, and really I think I am the best fitted for a leader of any of us. Well, at our meetings I am the chairman, and I do most of the planning; but Hal finds out where the work of the Brotherhood is most needed, and reports, and we act on the report. Then we have fines for being discourteous, all except the Babe. Mamma decides when any one can't see he's been impolite, but generally we know it. I fined Gene for giggling in Sunday school, but he wouldn't pay, because he said he wasn't discourteous to his teacher: he wasn't laughing at anything Miss Evelyn said, but because Charlie Ferris swallowed his cent. Mamma said she'd excuse him, and, if he never laughed in Sunday school except when cents were swallowed, he was a pretty well-behaved scholar. Papa says we'll all be model boys while this club lasts, because the fines will make us so short of spending money; but Mamma says it's good discipline for us. Well, one Thursday afternoon—that's when the club meets, in the little room Mamma let us fix up for it, next mine—Hal reported a case that he said needed our help; but it would need more money than we had, as there were only ten cents in the treasury, and only three cents due from Stevie, for passing in front of three of Mamma's callers without asking pardon. You see, we have a place called Back Cove, the very worst part of Centreville, and the people there don't go to church, and they let their children play out in the street. Hal had been there on a charity errand for Mamma that day, and he saw some little girls, with old, torn, soiled frocks on, making mud pies out in the street. And they were calling each other names, and slapping each other's faces. And Hal said it did seem so much worse for girls to be rough and rude, and those children never would grow up to be ladies, like Mamma, if something wasn't done for them, and he thought the Brothers of Courtesy might help. Gene said he didn't see how we boys could teach those little slum girls manners: girls' manners were different from boys' anyway, and he thought we'd better stick to our own objects.

"But, Gene," said Hal, "you know one of our objects is to help the weak, and those poor little children need somebody to help them. I don't mean just to teach them to be polite, but other things, too. And I thought perhaps Miss Evelyn would help us, and get a room, and teach them to sew, or something, and that's what we need money so much for."

"I suppose that would be what Papa would call practical charity," I said, "and we'll talk with Mamma about it." So we did; and she liked our plan, and Hal went to see Miss Evelyn, and she went with him to ask if the children might come to a sewing-class, and she said that there would be a reward every time for every child who behaved well. And the school committee said we might use a room in a school-house there is down there, for an hour every Saturday afternoon. So we didn't have to use any money for that; and Miss Evelyn and Miss Bertha have held the class three months now, and there are twenty scholars. And first they have the lesson, and then they play games, and then Miss Evelyn gives them a five-minute talk.

They just love Miss Evelyn, and they try so hard to please her. And Miss Bertha has asked them into her class in Sunday school, and some of them go. And we boys have charge of the rewards, that's our part of the work: one of us goes down every time to distribute them. And we have them different every time. It's quite a lot of work to think what to have, because they can't cost much; for all the money we have for them is from the fines, and what any one else gives us. Sometimes it is things we make: I can do burnt work, and I made them some stamp-boxes. Papa laughed, for he thought those children wouldn't need stamps very much; but I knew little girls always like boxes to keep things in, anyway. And last week it was the Babe's turn to give the rewards, and Mamma made him twenty bouquets of sweet peas and mignonette. I went with him, and he did look so cunning, walking along the line with his basket of flowers, and giving each little girl one of the bouquets. They were delighted with them. And you wouldn't ever know those were slum little girls now, they are clean and neat, and they try so hard to have good manners to please Miss Evelyn. You see, Hal is a very good Finder-out. I don't believe the rest of us would ever have noticed those little girls making mud pies. And, really, I think the sewing-class is the best thing the Brothers of Courtesy have ever done, and so I'm glad I founded it; but, as I said in the first place, we really got the idea from the "Little Sisters of Gentleness." And Mamma says our manners have shown a marked improvement, 'specially Stevie's and mine.

### Open the Door.

OPEN the door, let in the air;  
The winds are sweet and the flowers  
are fair.

Joy is abroad in the world to-day;  
If our door is wide it may come this way.  
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;  
He hath a smile for every one.  
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,  
He may change our tears to diadems.  
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in  
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.  
They will grow and bloom with grace divine,  
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of  
the vine.

Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in  
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin.  
It will make the halls of the heart so fair  
That angels may enter unaware.

Open the door!

*British Weekly.*

### Lucy's Discovery.

BY HERMAN SINGER.

"I AM going to find it!" Lucy said firmly, as she swung the spade over her shoulder and started for the woods. The evening before she had heard a visitor, a talkative old man, telling her parents about a lot of money that was said to have been buried on their plantation by the queer old

miser, Alfred Banks, who had settled the place in early days. Her parents had only laughed. But Lucy had thought, "Oh, what if that should be true, and I should find it!" She wanted some money for a certain purpose—oh, so badly! And now she was going to look for it. But she was keeping it a secret, because she felt sure her folks would laugh at her, and she wanted to surprise them. Wouldn't it be great!

Besides the One Thing she would do with the money, there were many others. She would get a silk dress for mother and—but she remembered the old saying that her father often quoted, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," and decided to wait.

It was a beautiful day in early spring. The orchard, through which she passed first, was fragrant with bloom. Among the blossoms bees were humming, gay butterflies darted about, blue-bells smiled up at her from the ground, and happy birds sang. But she paid little heed to all this beauty just now, for her thoughts were with the buried gold.

While trying to make up her mind where to begin her search, she followed the path that led to the wash-place down on the "branch." But, some distance from the wash-place, she turned aside to a favorite playground of hers, where grew a beautiful holly tree. It was a lovely spot, and here Lucy stopped to rest and think. How hard it was to decide where to dig. While she thought, she hummed the tune of one of her Sunday-school songs, "Take it to the Lord in Prayer." All at once it seemed that the song was telling her what to do. The Heavenly Father was very near and very real to this little South Carolina girl. She knelt and told Him what she wanted, and asked Him to show her how to get it. Then she got up and looked around. "Why not dig right here?" she asked herself, and commenced a few steps from the holly. Being used to field work, she could spade well, though she was only eleven years old. Suddenly her heart jumped, for she had struck something hard. She worked that much the faster and soon uncovered the circular rim of an oak keg. For a moment she was almost overcome with joy and excitement. Then she spaded for dear life, removing the soft, sandy soil from the inside of the keg, expecting every moment to find the treasure. The soil grew softer and moister, so that it was easy to scoop out, and before long her hopes began to fall. Finally she had reached the lower rim of the keg. It rested on a bed of white sand. *And there was no money.* Lucy flung herself down on the ground, and cried. She was so disappointed.

But before long she thought: "It is no use to lie here and cry. 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.'" She got up to examine her work and, perhaps, dig deeper. She looked down into the hole she had made, and gasped with astonishment. The keg was half full of sparkling water, that bubbled up merrily from the white sand at the bottom. Then all at once it dawned on Lucy what this meant. She had found the lost spring. How pleased her father would be. Many a time she had heard him wish for this very thing. Only the other day he had said: "I would give fifty dollars to know where old Alfred's famous spring was. If there is anything that I like, it is good water; and this other spring is bad."



All at once Lucy had a bright idea. She sat down to think it over. Since she had not found the treasure—and there might not be any after all—why not make the most of her discovery of the spring? Fifty dollars! Why, that meant a whole term for her at Woodruff Academy,—the One Thing she had been dreaming of; for Aunt Lou, who lived near the village of Woodruff, had already promised to board her in return for help with the housework. The money would pay the tuition and buy her books and clothes. In a little while she had it all planned.

By now a stream of crystal water was trickling through a gap in the top of the keg and forcing a channel across a strip of lowland to join the "branch" that flowed near. Dropping on her knees, she took a drink, and found it delicious. Then she put on her sunbonnet, gathered up her spade, and started to the house. She went to the kitchen, first, and got a water bucket and a drinking gourd. Then she called her father, who was ploughing in the field near the house. He looked around irritably, for he was behind with his crop, and didn't like to be disturbed. He saw that her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shining with excitement. "What is the matter, Lucy?" he asked. "Have you found a mare's nest and can't count the eggs?" he teased.

"Yes," replied Lucy, mischievously. "Come on, and I'll show you."

He left his tired horse standing, and followed her doubtfully. He hardly thought his little girl would dare to play a trick on him. She had better not, he told her, for he had no time for foolishness. When Lucy struck out through the pathless woods, he muttered something about "the child being out of her head." But he changed his mind when presently he stood looking at the lost-and-found spring, surprised and delighted.

"Lucy," he said, earnestly, "you are a wonder. If your brothers only had your git-up-and-git, I'd be as rich as I'd want to be. For it wouldn't be many years until I'd be out of debt. Give me that gourd."

He took deep draughts of the cool, sparkling water, smacking his lips and praising its flavor. "It is better than a dram," he said. "I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for it." Lucy's heart leaped. Here was her chance.

"I'll take fifty for it, Pa," she said.

"You'll do what?" asked her father, looking at her in amazement.

"It's my discovery, you know," she replied coolly. Her father was greatly amused. He laughed heartily, but looked at Lucy proudly.

"You are as sharp as a brier," he said. "But you are not too sharp for your old dad. The spring is on my land, you know."

"Pa," said Lucy, her dark eyes brimming with tears, "you said the other day—and I can prove it—that you would give fifty dollars if you could find that spring. Now I have found it, and I ought to have the money."

"What would you do with fifty dollars, Lucy?" her father asked kindly, but with a look that was both puzzled and amused. Then Lucy talked to him in a way that reached his heart and made him thoughtful. It was her chance. She would not miss it. She made her father understand her. He knew now that her love for books and study meant, something. She had a purpose in life. He admired her for it, and he wanted to see all his children turn out well.

"Lucy," he said earnestly, "I can't do much for you, because there are too many of you, and there's no money to be made any more raising cotton. But if you want to make a school-teacher out of yourself, I'll help you all I can. I've got no fifty dollars to give you. That's out of the question. But you may have the colt."

"The colt is sick!" exclaimed Lucy, disappointed. "I heard you tell Ma that you thought it was going to die."

"I was fretted, and didn't quite mean it," replied her father. "All it needs to pull it through is good care. I haven't got the patience. But I know for a fact that you are a great doctor for sick animals, and I believe, if you make up your mind to, you can cure that colt. He's good stock, and, if you can bring him out, you can sell him for a hundred dollars a year from now. Then you can go to the Academy, and I won't put a thing in your way. That's the very best I can do for you, Lucy."

"All right, Pa, I'll take you up on that," the little girl answered, seeing it was the best deal she could make. "Recollect, now, that the colt is mine for good, to do with as I please."

"I give you my word of honor, Lucy."

They returned to the house, and spread the news of the great discovery. Then Lucy took charge of her patient, the sick colt, on which so much depended. Most people would have said that his case was hopeless when she took him in hand. But she would not be discouraged. She put her whole soul into his care, and doctored him and coaxed him and loved him back to health.

One fine day a month later the colt was prancing gayly and kicking up his heels in the barley patch, while happy Lucy looked on.

"Well, my girl," said her father, who happened along just then. "Your grit has won. That means a year at the Academy for you."

And it turned out just that way.

*Dark skies must clear, and, when the clouds are past,*

*One golden day redeems a weary year.*

CELIA THAXTER.

### A Colonial School-girl.

IN her book, "The Education of Women," Miss Marion Talbot, the dean of women of the University of Chicago, quotes from the diary of a girl of colonial times to show the difference between the schools of that period and the present. There was no clamoring for industrial training-schools in those days. About every calling known to the world was followed in the home. Industry was held to be a virtue, and it was practised as such.

In 1771 Anna Green Winslow, a ten-year-old girl, was sent by her guardians from her home in Nova Scotia to her aunt in Boston to be "finished." During the winter of 1771-72 she kept for the benefit of her far-away family a journal, which has been preserved. In this journal she portrayed her daily life with rare charm and with perfect unconsciousness, so that we have a graphic and exquisite account of the life of a well-bred Boston school-girl of that time.

The little girl thought first of how she should be clothed. The subject second in importance was her soul's welfare. She was a very pious little person, a member of the Old



South Church. She was industrious and active in housewifery accomplishments, and was trained to take her place as part of the industrial system of which she would become a member,—a system in which there was division of labor based on the family organization.

"I have spun," she writes, Feb. 22, 1772, "30 knots of linnen-yarn, and (partly) new-footed a pair of stockings for Lucinda, read a part of the *pilgrim's progress*, copied part of my text journal, play'd some, tuck'd a great deal (Aunt Deming says it is very true), laughed enough, and I tell aunt it is all human nature, if not human reason."

On March 9 she writes:

"I think this day's work may be called a piece-meal for in the first place I sew'd on the bosom of unkle's shirt, mended two pair of gloves, mended for the wash two handkerchiefs (one cambrick), sewed on half a border of a lawn apron of aunts, read part of the XX1st chapter of Exodus, and a story in the *Mother's Gift*. Now, Hon'd Mamma, I must tell you of something that happened to me to-day, that has not happen'd before this great while, viz., My Unkle and Aunt both told me, I was a very good girl."

On March 11 she writes:

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Thus King Solomon, inspired by the Holy Ghost, cautions, Pro. XXVII, 1. My aunt says, this is a most necessary lesson to be learn'd and to be laid up in the heart. I am quite of her mind. I have met with a disappointment to-day, and aunt says, I may look for them every day—we live in a changing world—in scripture called a vale of tears."

*Youth's Companion.*



## THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER  
TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PUBLISHED BY THE

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

BOSTON: 25 Beacon Street.  
NEW YORK: 104 E. 20th Street.  
CHICAGO: 105 S. Dearborn Street.  
SAN FRANCISCO: 376 Sutter Street.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: Single subscriptions, 50 cents.  
In packages to schools, 40 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail  
matter.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

## A Spring Prophet.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

LIST to what the robin sings  
Up in yonder tree;  
"Spring is coming o'er the hills,  
And I'm here, you see,  
Singing in this leafless tree,  
For I always know  
When it's time for flowers to come,  
Time to plough and sow."

## Beacon Scholarships.

OUR readers will be interested in the following paragraph, which is taken from an article in the *Christian Register* written by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, who has recently been spending some time in India:

I have also made careful inquiries regarding the results of the "Beacon Scholarships," which several American Unitarian Sunday schools are maintaining for the education of poor boys and girls in the Calcutta Brahmo boys' and girls' schools. I have seen and talked with a number of those whose schooling is made possible by these Beacon Scholarships. They desired me to let the Sunday schools in America know how very grateful they are. They are all children who are either without parents or whose parents are too poor to pay for their education. Their teachers assured me of their faithfulness and diligence and of the good progress they are making in their studies.

Dr. Sunderland also writes to the editor that he will try to send her soon an article about the Brahmo Girls' School in Calcutta. Our scholarship fund now amounts to \$189.44. May it continue to grow!

## Heroism.

A DEFINITION worth learning is that given by a mountain tribe in the south-eastern part of Europe, and quoted in a recent article by Mr. George Kennan. "Heroism," say the people of Daghestan, "is endurance for one moment more." To endure one moment more,—what a conception of heroism! It goes to the very bottom of the whole thing! To endure one moment more means to go on enduring because we use the short measure instead of the long measure. We can stand anything for one moment more,—temptation, criticism, hard knocks, misunderstanding, pain, and all the rest of our seeming misfortunes. Don't try to be a hero or heroine for a week: just endure some trouble that you now have for one moment more, and you are a hero. We live truly, in this sense at least, only when we live by the moment. Heroism is endurance for one moment more.

*The Wellspring.*

## THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

CINCINNATI, OHIO,  
421 Armory Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am very fond of reading *The Beacon*, and I am one of many interested in getting children to go to Sunday school. I go to the St. John's Sunday school, 12th and Elm Streets, and have been for about four years. I have brought my younger sister, a brother and an uncle, to join different classes. My two-year-old brother is also on the Cradle Roll.

I remain,

Yours truly,

ALMA PETERS.  
(Age 10.)

FORT COLLINS, COL.

My dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unity Sunday school every Sunday. I am eight years old and am in the primary class. Mother is our teacher. Papa teaches the senior class. The Colorado State Agricultural College is in Fort Collins. My papa is president of the college. How may I become a member of the Beacon Club? I enjoy reading the Beacon Club Corner very much and am sending a puzzle for your paper.

Yours truly,

MARION R. LORY.

Other new members of our Club are: John Neckel, Cincinnati, Ohio; Lawrence R. Hen-

WINCHESTER, MASS.,  
85 Church Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little girl nine years old. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* and doing the puzzles, very much.

Our class is made up of ten girls. Our teacher has formed us into a Lend-a-Hand Club.

We have never seen a letter from Winchester, so I thought I would write.

I would like to belong to the Beacon Club.

I am sending a couple of puzzles for the Recreation Corner.

I hope I will see this letter published in *The Beacon*.

Yours truly,

HARRIET EUSTIS.

YARMOUTH, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have been reading some of the letters which have been sent to you, and I thought you might like one from Maine. I have *The Beacon* every Sunday, and enjoy it very much. The stories and puzzles are just what little folks like.

I am ten years old. I go to the Unitarian Church and Sunday school at Yarmouth, and I do not miss a Sunday very often.

I should like to belong to the Beacon Club and have a button.

Yours truly,

CARL T. ROGERS.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA LIV.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 6, 13, 37, 15, we get from the cow.  
My 31, 35, 3, 10, 46, 20, is used in cooking.  
My 9, 39, 4, 20, 39, refuse from a fire.  
My 43, 35, 26, 7, we walk upon.  
My 21, 2, 9, 17, is part of a chair.  
My 33, 44, 46, 46, is a large assembly room.  
My 25, 23, 14, 5, 42, 45, was not afraid of lions.  
My 8, 16, 30, 45, is to cure.  
My 36, 32, 34, 36, is an act.  
My 21, 30, 21, 12, is worn about the waist.  
My 1, 5, 6, 38, is used in mortar.  
My 19, 23, 24, 25, wears a glove.  
My 43, 44, 5, 11, 18, is belief.  
My 22, 13, 27, 28, 32, is a tenth.  
My 41, 44, 29, 41, means "has."  
My whole is found in 1 Corinthians.

MARY R. BEAL.

## ENIGMA LV.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 3, 2, 1, 6, is a product of clay.  
My 7, 8, 10, is a kind of sadness.  
My 4, 8, 9, is a boy's nickname.  
My 11, 2, 5, 10, is a river of Africa.  
My whole is the title of a well-known book.

JANE DEWEY.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

I'm in the tortoise, but not in the shell;  
I'm in the odour, but not in the smell;  
I'm in the curtain, but not in the blind;  
I'm in the huntsman, but not in the find;  
I'm in the porter, but not in the guard;  
I'm in the garden, but not in the yard;  
I'm in the turnstile, but not in the way;  
My whole you can hear for a very long way.

*Young Days.*

## TWISTED NEW ENGLAND CITIES.

1. Vdieporenc.  
2. Oasc.  
3. Awnvhene.  
4. Odaptrnl.  
5. Ntiemplerlo.  
6. Rdevo.  
7. Eweancrl.

L. EARLE MERROW.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 24.

ENIGMA L.—Constantinople.

ENIGMA LI.—Harper's Magazine.

ENIGMA LII.—Robert Browning.

A DIAMOND.—  
I  
A N D  
I N D E X  
D E N  
X

A RIDDLE.—Butter.

TWISTED BIBLICAL CHARACTERS.—1. Rebecca.  
2. Moses. 3. Isaac. 4. Jacob. 5. Rachel. 6. Samuel. 7. Solomon. 8. Jeremiah. 9. Joshua. 10. Absalom.

## The Bird and the Hyphen.

A teacher in a lower grade was instructing her pupils in the use of a hyphen. Among the examples given by the children was "bird-cage."

"That's right," encouragingly remarked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in 'bird-cage.'"

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the startling rejoinder.

## Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

## SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group VIII. Must be received before April 1.

1. Story or Essay: "By Wireless."  
2. Verse: "In Springtime."  
3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group IX. Must be received before May 1.

1. Story or Essay: "How I earned my First Dollar."  
2. Verse: "Somebody's Child."  
3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group X. Must be received before June 1.

1. Story or Essay: "My best Summer Vacation."  
2. Verse: "At Grandpa's Farm."  
3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.